

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. George Timpson and eldest son of Long Branch spent Sunday, December 15th, with relatives in this city.

In the contest for Superintendent of our church, Frank E. Harris, tried to put it over on his uncle, Mr. W. R. Watt, but failed.

Bedecked in his customary smiles, Mr. Jesse Batstone, of Hamilton, made his appearance here again over the week-end of December 14th.

H. W. Roberts was calling on his many old friends in Long Branch, on December 15th. He notes that the busy city is growing in population.

Mr. David Lawrence, who was obliged to relinquish his duties for over two weeks, owing to an injured hand, resumed his work again on December 16th.

Our Women's Association had a bee on December 17th, packing Christmas cheer to send to our destitute and sick friends both in this city and elsewhere.

Miss Caroline Buchan came up from the Belleville school on December 20th to enjoy the Christmas and New Year's vacation with her mother and home folks.

At time of writing, Miss Annie Perry, the oldest deaf lady in Canada, is quite ill with a severe attack of the shingles, and on account of her great age, much anxiety is felt, but hope for the better.

Once more the writer has to call attention to two errors of commission and omission that appeared in your issue of December 12th. The late William Douglas was sixty years of age, and not forty-four as stated. The omission was in the write up of the young people's debate, when the result was not given. It should have said the supporters of the "cross but tidy lady" won by a close margin.

Mr. Ronald Wright took a rundown to see his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Wright in Bobcaygeon, on December 17th. He was accompanied by a couple of friends.

Mr. Melvin Cole, who has for some time, been successfully farming at Hull Lake, Sask., came east and struck this city on December 19th, and visited with his former schoolmates, Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan, leaving next day for his old home in Clinton.

He will remain in the east all winter, visiting relatives and friends in Goderich, London, Flint, Michigan and other places.

Miss Annie Wallis died on December 18th in this city, in her eighty-first year. For many years she was a warm friend of the Nasmith family and frequently mingled with us, though she was not deaf. Like the late Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Nasmith, she had a warm heart for the deaf and many of our older deaf will remember her kindly words and assistance and will regret to hear of her demise. In her later years she was unable to get around very much.

Mr. J. R. Byrne continued his wonderful address on "Bible Wonders," at our Epworth League, on December 18th. This evening he gave out many interesting facts. Over three million Bibles are printed every year in more than five hundred languages or dialects. Its influence is felt on every sphere, despite the fact that it has been proscribed more than any other book. At the close, it was decided to hold our next meeting on January 8th 1930, owing to the joyous Christmas season. Mr. Byrne will continue through January.

Among the prettiest and plumpiest little children among our deaf friends here, we might mention the little son of Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan and he is a cute little darling to behold, with a round face even larger than his young mother. Watch him grow.

Mrs. Brock, the charming and intelligent daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. W. Gustin, of London, was a visitor at "Mora Glen," on December 21st. Although not deaf, Mrs. Brock is well versed in our own language, and we would be glad of another visit from her and her family who live at Long Branch.

Mr. J. R. Byrne was out to Hamilton for the service there on December 15th, and reports a nice turnout and a spirit of love and unity among our "Ambitious City" friends. May this good omen continue to flourish.

The real spirit of the Christmastide pervaded the atmosphere within the Bridgenasmith Hall of our church on December 14th, when the Bridgen Literary Society members held a Christmas gift giving custom of ancient times. A mammoth tree adorned the platform and was dressed in the very way that legends portray. Around its base and clustering from its boughs were innumerable parcels, that were soon to bring gladness to every heart within the hall. Before distributing the gifts, very interesting and humorous Christmas legends were unfolded in dramatic style by Messrs. F. E. Harris, J. R. Byrne, Chas. A. Elliott, H. W. Roberts and Fred Terrell.

After the focus had cleared, the members of this society unanimously decided to hold its annual picnic to Lake Side Park, near Oshawa, on June 21st next, after Mr. H. W. Roberts had explained how he had obtained cheap and private conveying facilities. More details concerning this will be given later.

### LONDON LEAVES

Some of the Frats of this city were greatly shocked to hear of the death of Mr. F. P. Gibson in Chicago.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paul, of St. Thomas, upon the arrival of a little baby girl on December 6th, with the sweet sounding name of Vera Nellie Paul.

The home and household goods of Mrs. John Pincombe on Wharfedale Road, in West London, was sold at auction on December 6th, at good prices.

Mrs. James Buck, of Thorndale, a village sixteen miles east of this city, has returned home, after spending two weeks with her daughter, Mrs. James Vitti, Knolwood Park in East London.

Messrs. Merton McMurray and Stanley Youngs motored down to Embro, on December 8th, and spent the day with the latter's father.

Mr. W. J. Elliott, of Detroit, was in this city over the week-end of December 7th, and then left for a week's holiday with his father in Ingersoll. He has since returned to the "Automobile City."

Messrs. George Bell, of St. Thomas, and George Pepper, of this city, took a long spin down to Toronto, on December 7th, and returned home safely, in spite of the unpleasant weather conditions.

Mr. Percy Scott, who is holidaying in the east, was in this city, for a few days lately, and his many deaf friends were so glad to meet him again, after a long absence in the west.

Mr. Stanley Youngs is now working for the city waterworks department as a laborer.

Mrs. John Fisher took a trip down to St. Thomas to see old friends, on December 11th, and reports a good time.

Mr. George Bell and his guest, Mr. F. Robinson, of Toronto, motored up to this city, on a business trip, on December 12th. The latter has returned to the "Queen City," after a two weeks' sojourn with Mr. Bell.

Mr. George Moore, motored Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gustin out to Denfield on December 10th, where they spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. Andrew Noyes.

We regret to hear that Mr. Fred Gwter was obliged to remain home for a few days lately, owing to a swollen face, due to the aftermath of wisdom molar extraction. However, all's well again.

The electors of London carried by-laws on December 2d, for C. N. R. grade separation, street railway agreement, and forward system. The grade separation means an outlay of \$2,000,000, and a new terminal station to cost \$8,000,000. London is naturally growing.

The JOURNAL readers of this city wish all their fellow readers and others a very happy and prosperous season during 1930.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

Miss Sylvia Caswell, of Niagara Falls, and her sister, Mrs. Harris, of St. Catharines, spent the week-end of December 14th with their father at Stamford. Miss Helen A. Middleton went over from the Falls and took tea with them on Sunday.

We wonder what has become of our old friend, Mr. Daniel Hadden, who, when last heard of, was living in Mooretown, Ont.

Mr. J. R. Byrne was out to Hamilton for the service there on December 15th, and reports a nice turnout and a spirit of love and unity among our "Ambitious City" friends. May this good omen continue to flourish.

We are pleased to hear that Miss H. F. Chapman, of New Westminster, B. C., who has been rather indisposed during the past few months, is now much better. In spite of this suffering, she has not only borne this with all her customary cheerfulness, but has been devoting her best attention to her invalid mother with all the spirit of a guiding angel. She says she loves the news JOURNAL and can't do without it.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Preston, of Peterboro, were guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Wright, in Bobcaygeon, on December 17th. They are frequently motoring between these two places.

Hearty congratulations are being showered upon our latest benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schneider (nee Mary McLaren, of Smith's Falls), who settled Cupid's advice for all time on December 18th, but if full particulars are obtainable we will gladly give a nice write-up of their nuptials in a future issue. They are now living in Pembroke.

Several years ago, there were in the neighborhood of about forty deaf persons working in the Good Year Tire Co. at New Toronto, and most of them worked on finishing the last parts. Today only two of this little army are still there, and working full blast. They are Messrs. Robert J. Ensminger and Walter Gagnon. The former used to be an inspector on the finishing line, while the latter never worked anywhere else except on the tubes.

Robert started in 1917, and Walter a year later. They have done very good work at their place of employment, so says the company officials in their own weekly publication "The Wingfoot Clan" of November 15th, which also publishes a very good picture of these two industrious chaps, who hold on to their work like glue and labor on tenaciously.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

### A DEPLORABLE TRAGEDY

Two HARBORS, MINN.—Hopelessly crippled and deaf and dumb since birth was 17-year-old Beatrice Barton, daughter of one of Two Harbors' most prominent citizens.

So today her father, John A. Barton, 54, bank president, gently wrapped her in a blanket and took her for a drive in his automobile.

He parked his car near a forest and for a time the grief-stricken father and helpless daughter watched the swirling snow sift through the green pine trees.

The father at last decided upon an act he was said to have been contemplating for many years. He took a revolver and carefully shot his daughter through the heart. He then placed the gun at his own heart and pulled the trigger.

Woodmen found their bodies huddled together in the car. No inquest will be held, said Coroner J. T. Brown, friend of the dead banker. "He killed the child out of pity," said Brown, "and then turned the revolver upon himself."

It was common knowledge in this little city that Barton had grieved since the birth of his daughter over her physical and mental condition. He had provided her with private tutors and had kept her from association with other children as much as possible, to save her from public attention.

Barton amassed a comfortable fortune in his financial operations throughout Minnesota and was said to have spent large part of it on expert medical care for the girl.

He controlled several banks in Minnesota, was president of one of the principal banks there and was connected with the First Bank Stock Corporation, Midwestern chain banking and financial organization.

### Carrying It Too Far

"Everybody in our family is some kind of an animal," remarked Tommy.

"What do you mean?" asked his mother.

"Why, mother, you're a dear, you know."

"Yes, Tom, and the baby is mother's little lamb."

"Well, I'm the kid, sister is a chicken, aunt is a cat, little brother's a pig, dad's a goat, and—"

"That's enough, Thomas."

## SEATTLE

The banquet at the Bergonian Hotel, the evening of December 14th, was a great success, and all who attended, had a gay evening. There were fifty-eight tickets sold, and as two came in after the dinner was over, that made the attendance an even sixty. Promptly at 7:15 P.M., the dinner started, and went on without a hitch. Follows the menu and program of toasts:

Shrimp Cocktail  
Princess Salad  
Celery  
Roast Turkey.  
Jelly  
Cranberry Sauce  
New Carrots  
Peas in Cream  
Whipped Potato  
Sweet Potato  
Hot Rolls  
Butter  
Tea, Coffee or Milk  
Apple Pie with Cheese or Hot Mince Pie  
Alter Dinner Mints

### TOASTS

True Partridge, Toastmaster  
"Say WELL has friends, some here, some there,  
But DO WELL's welcome every-where."—Anon

"Coming Through the Rye."  
..... Mrs. Ernest Frederickson  
"And all the lads they smile at me  
When coming through the rye."—Anon

Our Pioneers—C. K. McConnell, Frank Morrissey, Mrs. Pauline Gustin, Mrs. Olof Hanson, Mrs. Clara Wade Wright, Ed. Gustin, Mrs. Barbara Wilfang, Mrs. Victoria Smith, L. O. Christenson.

"Life is not dated merely by years.  
Events are sometimes the best calendar."—Lord Beaconsfield  
The Past of the P. S. A. D. Dr. Olof Hanson  
"It's greatly wise to talk with our past  
hours  
And ask them what reports they bore  
to heaven."—Byron

Our Past Presidents..... Charles Al. Gumaer  
It matters not what men assume to be;  
Or good or bad, they are but what they are."—Bulley

The Future of the P. S. A. D. W. S. Root  
"To know  
That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime wisdom."—Milton  
"On Gallaudet's Birthday."—Long  
"There littleness was naught. The least  
of things  
Seemed infinite; and there his Spirit  
shaped  
Her prospects, nor did he believe, he  
saw."—Woodworth

Dialogue—"Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet"  
..... By nine participants  
"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror."—Shakespeare  
E. M. Gallaudet..... J. C. Howard  
"Man is soul and body, formed for deeds  
Of high resolve."—Shelley

Mr. Partridge made a courteous and pleasant toastmaster. The toast "Our Pioneers," was responded to by C. K. McConnell, Mrs. Hanson speaking for Mrs. Gustin, Mr. Frank Morrissey, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Victoria Smith, and Mr. L. O. Christenson. These old timers spoke of Seattle and deaf matters as they were when they first came to Seattle, as long as forty years ago. Before the establishment of the P. S. A. D., there was for a time a club called the Seattle Deaf-Mute Society, which had many parties and picnics. Descriptions of the city as it was in 1889 were hard for the young people to swallow. The site of the old Bon Marche, now in the midst of seething, hurrying crowds, was at that time a cow pasture, there were no bridges of any description, and the University was just starting to move to its present site. The pioneers had the place of honor at the banquet table, together with the P. S. A. D. officers.

"The Past of the P. S. A. D." responded to by Dr. Hanson, gave a few more facts about old times. The P. S. A. D. was founded in 1904. While Mrs. Gustin is the oldest living pioneer in length of residence in Seattle, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Ziegler have been still longer in the State, and Mrs. Reeves was the only lady present at the banquet who was a native daughter, having been born in Spokane. Dr. Hanson read a message received from our friend Robert Miller, of North Carolina, who formerly spent a winter here. He enclosed a check for five dollars as a birthday gift to the P. S. A. D. Dr. Hanson gave a similar amount, and Mrs. Burgett, Mrs. Bertram, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Holcombe, Mr. Partridge and Mr. Christenson also donated gifts, till the sum of twenty dollars was raised. As five dollars hall rent was saved for the evening,

a total of twenty-five dollars was added to the treasury. The association has a fund of approximately \$1250, all of it raised by members, the interest of which helps to pay the hall-rent and other expenses.

Mr. Wright responded in Mr. Gumaer's place to the toast "Our Past Presidents," and urged the young men present to strive for the presidency of the P. S. A. D., on the ground that the honor helped longevity. Only one past president has so far died, the others being all hale and hearty.

Mr. W. S. Root, responding to "The Future of the P. S. A. D.," put in a plea for co-operation.

Alice Wilberg signed very charmingly Dr. J. S. Long's poem "On Gallaudet's Birthday."

Misses Nation, Burks, Sink, Messdames Martin and Burgett, and Messrs. La Motte, Morissey, Martin and Bronson, followed with a dialogue extolling T. H. Gallaudet.

J. C. Howard followed in his best style with a toast to E. M. Gallaudet, and everybody knows that his best style is very good indeed. He showed the love he felt for our great educator, and the influence he has had on his life. His toast brought the program to an end.

The long tables were cleared away and dancing followed, ending with the Virginia Reel. And thus closed one of the most successful and brilliant banquets ever held by the deaf in this State.

Mr. C. A. Gumaer and Mr. Oscar Sanders were both unable to be present, but the former sent the price of two and the latter of one ticket to represent them. They asked that they be given to friends who would otherwise not be able to attend. There were only a few out-of-town visitors present at the banquet, Mrs. Burgett and Hiram Hopping coming from Tacoma, Mrs. John Conley from Lewiston, Idaho; Mr. Hugo Holcombe from Manette, near Bremerton; Mrs. Woj from Everett, and Mr. F. M. Wise from Crested Butte, Colorado, who is visiting in the city for a month or so.

Not long ago, we visited the Bemis Bag Factory, where Misses Doris Nation and Sophia Mullin are employed, and lunched with these young ladies in the large and airy lunch room used by the employees. The food prepared at the factory and sold at very reasonable prices, was appetizing and delicious. After lunch we were taken around by Miss Ruth Peterson, the pretty young timekeeper, and shown the plant in operation.

Bags of cloth only are made, ranging in size from large gunny sacks to tiny bags of white cloth used for mailing. They were first sewed up on power machines, and then turned right side out, the gunny sacks by machines and the white cloth by girls turning them on frames formed by upright sticks fastened at proper distances apart. Each girl had in front of her two sticks, firmly fastened at the right space apart for the kind of bag she was turning, and worked as quickly possible, as this bag turning is piece work. The factory is very clean and well ventilated, warmed and lighted. There are quite a few conveniences and comforts for the employees.

### THE HANSONS.

December 17, 1929.

### Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Church

On July 11, in its series of "Old New York Pictures," No. 249, the *New York Sun* prints a picture of the "Deaf-Mutes' Church." Here is a picture showing the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of the church for deaf mutes in West Eighteenth St., translating by sign language the parable of the Prodigal Son. The picture was reproduced from *Harper's Weekly* of March 24, 1860.

Service began in this church, the first of its kind in the world, in August, 1859. Before service began in the Eighteenth Street church, originally built by Christ Church, Mr. Gallaudet preached to his congregation in the smaller chapel of New York University, starting the first Sunday of October, 1822. Later the lecture room of the New York Historical Society was used by the church before it moved to Eighteenth Street.—*The New Era*.

## BUFFALO

There was an old saying that "All roads lead to Rome," which was true enough in their day—today modern roads, winding ribbons of concrete, converge towards the "Queen City of the Lakes"—Buffalo—the scene of the sixteenth triennial convention and world congress of the deaf, August 4th to 9th, 1930. I would fain write on and on about the events of the momentous week when Buffalo will be the cynosure of all eyes and the deaf moving spirits in a drama of worldwide human interest wherein history will be writ. Fain would I dwell at length, but alas! space is limited, and so will give only a comprehensive outline that gives an intriguing insight into possibilities, that with plus imagination on our reader's part, will enable us to get along as we, step by step, through subsequent issues of the JOURNAL, shall endeavor, without the aid of photos, paint word pictures of the sights and pleasures of Buffalo and the great Niagara Frontier that awaits all visitors to the convention. The attractions are legion and varied, with Niagara Falls of course the magnet, if we except mention of the De L'Epee statue, with dozens of other lesser luminaries crowding for attention, among them being the sights in Buffalo and the Dominion of Canada, just across the river, spanned by the new Peace Bridge, costing nearly six million dollars, and whose dedication, on August 7, 1927, was attended by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Hon. Stanley Baldwin, prime minister of England at that time, and Secretary of State Kellogg, acting in place of President Coolidge. It is appropriately named in commemoration of the hundred years of peace between the United States and Canada, a massive and imposing structure—an enduring omen of continued good-will between the two countries.

Probably the outstanding event of the whole eventful week of the convention will be the dedication of the De L'Epee Statue, the tribute of the American deaf to the greatest benefactor of their race—the man who invented the manual alphabet and made the education of the deaf an accomplished fact. It is yet too early to give further details, but suffice to say the local committee is working up an elaborate program, in keeping with its importance and that will leave its mark in imperishable memory. Even now the authorities of St. Mary's School for the Deaf are looking far ahead and making great preparations—of this, more anon at the proper time when I am permitted to give out more intimate details. Seldom has greater foresight and business acumen been shown by any N. A. D. president, when President Roberts awarded the statue of Abbe De L'Epee to St. Mary's Le Couteux School for the Deaf. It is thoroughly in keeping with tradition, and in the proper element, though the noble works of the good abbe reverberated around the world and included all creeds. And then, but not least another happy choice was made in the selection of Elmer E. Hannan, of Washington, D. C., as the sculptor, Mr. Hannan being a former pupil at St. Mary's, who submitted the acceptable model. If arrangements can be made, a cut of the statue will appear in this column.

Buffalo is pre-eminently a convention city of the front rank, entertaining every year over 200 conventions, and the weather here in August is ideal, never excessively hot, thanks to its location on the banks of the raging Lake Erie, whose cooling breezes are wafted o'er our fair city. Only rarely does the mercury top eighty-five degrees, but that's nothing to worry about, as the remedy is always at hand—a trip to the "Coney Island of the North"—Crystal Beach, less than an hour's ride away across the lake, or to the equally interesting Erie Beach much nearer. And not to mention the numerous parks that beckon to us with all the lure of Nature—all combine to minimize the terrors of humidity in these parts.

Niagara Falls. There's magic in the name. Far abler pens have tried to do justice to the grandeur of Nature. It simply cannot be done. The best we can do is to gaze in silence and awe at the stupendous spectacle, a

heritage to us from the mighty cataclysm of the ages. And an added attraction is the illumination of the Falls at night, a most beautiful spectacle. A trip in the sturdy Maid of the Mist to the very brink of the Horseshoe Falls. The very name, Maid of the Mist, intrigues—white man's fancy versus red man's fact. Legend has it that in the long ago, a beautiful Indian maiden, Maid of the Mist, to give its English version of her name, bade farewell to her lover and went over the falls in a canoe, while up and down along the shore, raged and implored in vain her impotent redskin lover. 'Twas long ago. Dear reader, you can take this with as many grains of salt, including the iodized kind, and end up by taking the famed Gorge route that takes you past the famed Whirlpool Rapids. More of this anon.

St. Mary's School for the Deaf seems to be having a very successful basketball season, its team, under the management of James Paschall, having won twelve straight games and going strong. The team is fortunate to have a large and commodious hall in which to stage its contests, and the fame of the team is spreading throughout the city and has no lack of opponents desirous of trying out the skill of the deaf boys.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Basher celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding in a most enjoyable manner on November 24th. A mass was sung in the chapel of St. Mary's School by Rev. P. S. Gilmore, the school chaplain, at 9 A.M., and a reception was held at 4 P.M., wherein they received the felicitations of a large number of friends. It was a most momentous event for Mr. and Mrs. Basher and they are pointing hopefully to the next cycle—their fiftieth anniversary.

Mr. James Coughlin, chairman of the local N. A. D. committee, has announced the appointment of Miss Josephine Mead as chairman of a party to be held some time in February.

Good news, it seems, seldom lasts long. When the Associated Press a few months ago carried the announcement that a deaf motorist in New England had in court compelled an insurance company to retain him on its books, there was rejoicing. But recently, on appeal, the insurance company won out and rescinded his insurance. Now what does it all mean? In various and devious ways schemes are afoot to deprive the deaf of licenses to drive motor cars. It is not apparent on the surface, but supposing all the states, at a psychological licensing time, required all to carry liability insurance. And then up the deaf to fight again for their undeniable rights. And so it goes, but right will triumph.

CHARLES N. SNYDER.

### DIOCESE OF MARYLAND

Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.  
Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., Monument St.

### SERVICES

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.  
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.  
cent during July and August, 8 P.M.  
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
chism, 8:15 P.M.  
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 4:30 P.M.  
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. Job's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.  
October Places by Appointment.

### ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

### SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

From October to June inclusive—Sundays, Evening Prayer and sermon, at 3:00 P.M.  
Second Sunday, Litany and sermon, at 3:30 P.M.  
Third Sunday, Holy Communion and sermon, at 3:00 P.M.  
Bible Class Meetings, at 4:15 P.M.  
Callers are welcome during office hours on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons from 1:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., and evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.  
On other days by appointment at the Rectory, 3226 North Sixteenth Street.  
Rev. Warren M. Smalls, M.A., S.T.B., Rector  
Harry E. Stevens, Lay-Reader  
(Protestant Episcopal)  
3226 North Sixteenth Street,  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1930

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man; Whenever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-ubiquitous sun, That wrong is also done to us. And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

STARTING OUT on its fifty-ninth year, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL extends its "Happy New Year" greeting to its readers, as well as to the deaf everywhere.

Each of these years has found it a weekly letter to the deaf scattered far and wide.

It has been the public mouthpiece of the deaf and will continue to be.

Its policy will be maintained—to help, not to injure the deaf. Firm as adamant in what is right, its aim shall always be to promote the welfare of the masses, and not to cater to the personal interests and ambitions of the few.

The year 1929 has passed, leaving its record of success and disaster. "The moving finger writes and having writ moves on; nor all your piety nor wit can lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

In a general way, prosperity has marked the past twelve months, if we except the inordinate tendency to promote speech and lip-reading at the expense of a large proportion of deaf-mute children, by methods that are adaptable to semi-mutes and the partly deaf. The sign-language, which guarantees intellectual progress and future happiness is misrepresented or ignored, and its most emphatic opponents are those who know nothing about it. This is only a part of what Dr. J. W. Jones, who has been a teacher and a principal of public schools in Ohio, and is Superintendent of the great Institution for the Education of the Deaf at Columbus, says in the Ohio Chronicle:—

### "PREPARING FOR DISAPPOINTMENT"

"Frequently some interested father or mother calls in the office to discuss education of a deaf child, having in mind only one thing and they call that lip-reading. Of course, with it goes speech. Everything else is lost sight of, however much desired an education may be. They do not want the sign-language or finger spelling. "After thirty-five years of hearing such requests and watching for results, we cannot help but realize what a great disappointment is in store for them, no difference where the child attends school."

One of the lamentable occurrences of the year was the death of Francis P. Gibson, of Chicago, the president of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. This organization is now on a solid basis, has in its treasury over a million and a quarter of dollars, is efficiently officered at headquarters in Chicago, and will surely and safely "carry on"—which was Mr. Gibson's last injunction to Secretary-Treasurer Roberts.

The National Association of the Deaf, that has been moving forward steadily, will this year convene at Buffalo, N. Y., in August, and celebrate its fiftieth year as an organization dedicated to the advancement of the deaf. It is expected that delegates from all parts of Europe will be present, making it a World's Congress

of the Deaf. A statue of Abbe Michel de l'Epee will be unveiled. The sculptor is a deaf-mute, E. Elmer Hanan, and the statue and pedestal cost something over \$10,000, contributed by the American deaf, as a tribute to the memory of De l'Epee, the founder of education for the deaf.

Religious work among the deaf is progressively active, and spiritual teaching has been given by Priests of the Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Lutheran and Baptist denominations. This very important, or we might say vital, phase of life is given through the instrumentality of the sign-language.

During the past year, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has published detailed reports of proceedings at the several State conventions that have been held, as well as the social gatherings and general news about the deaf of the United States, and in 1930 a full report of the National Association Convention at Buffalo, with the ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the statue of Abbe de l'Epee will be promptly published.

Thanking all our correspondents for their aid in making the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL both interesting and helpful, and the readers for their loyal support, we extend to them all—

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

## DETROIT

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

Detroit Division, N. F. S. D., held its regular monthly business meeting in the G. A. R. building on Saturday evening, December 7th, with a fairly good attendance. After the meeting the election of officers for the year 1930 took place with the following result: President, George Hansz; Vice-President, George Davies; Secretary, Asa Stutsman; Treasurer, Fred Affeldt.

The Cadillac Association of the Deaf held a meeting at its club hall on December 8th. Officers were elected as follows:—

Mr. Ivan Heymanson, President; Mr. Fred Affeldt, First Vice-President; Joseph Czowski, Second Vice-President; Albert Buxton, Secretary; Joe Skrowski, Treasurer.

Ladies' Auxiliary of the Cadillac Association of the Deaf had a meeting on the same day. Officers were elected as follows: Mrs. Ivan Heymanson, President; Mrs. William Greenbaum, First Vice-President; Miss Nellie Pulskey, Second Vice-President; Mrs. A. Scott, Secretary.

The Ladies' Guild of Episcopal Epiphany Mission held a Christmas festival at St. John's Parish House on December 20th. The officers of the Guild prepared for the event. All children received a bag of mixed nuts, peanuts, pop corn balls, orange and a box of assorted candies. Each of them got different games. Not very many children were there, on account of freezing weather and so much snow.

Marjorie Waters, daughter of Rev. Waters, and his sister arrived here from Missouri last Sunday to spend the Christmas holidays. Their sons from Flint, who attend the School for the Deaf, were at home with their parents or Christmas.

The Detroit Association of the Deaf held a regular business meeting at the Club hall, on December 15th. The officers elected were: President, Glenn Preston (by acclamation); Franklin Thornley, First Vice-President; Charles Davey, Second Vice-President; Arthur Hinch, Secretary (by acclamation); John J. Hellars, Treasurer; Board of Governors: Morris Purviance, Ben Beaver, Alex Lobsinger; Trustee, De Fazio; Sergeants-at-arms, Herbert Shugar, Alex Tinglino, formerly of Fanwood.

Mr. C. Ozier has gone to visit his mother in Memphis, Tenn., for the Christmas holidays.

Many deaf men were laid off at the Ford Motor Co. for several weeks, but went back to work recently.

Miss L. Gratton has gone to spend several months in Florida and her sister will settle down in Mississippi. She will start in rug selling.

Thomas E. Bissell, of Sarnia, Ont., has been laid off at H. Mueller Brass Co., since last August, but he recently went back to work again. His sister-in-law is suffering with congestion of the lungs and pneumonia in Toronto, Canada. Her name is Miss Flossie McRae of Manadumin, Ontario.

A Photograph of the Deaf was given at the C. A. D., Saturday night, December 14th. It was very good. Mr. George Davies won the first prize for guessing; Mrs. McLeod, second prize; and Mrs. Robert Baird, third prize. Mrs. Irma Ryan won a beautiful china set of dishes at a drawing on December 1st.

Mrs. Lucy May.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

## "GIB"—MORTI

By J. Frederick Mesinger—Installment III

They rushed the world's greatest deaf-mute to his grave with characteristic Chicagoese zip and zest! Just two hours and eleven minutes after the funeral service was scheduled to start, I shivered alone in the cold—alone at the grave of Francis P. Gibson!

So this was the end of life's lonely lane for Gibson, the bright young lad they elected Grand President at our very first Grand Convention (Chicago, 1903.) Elected president the same day he joined the society—when there were just seventy-three members, three divisions, and the sum of \$270.94 in the treasury!

Read those figures over again, please. Yes, please. Let them sink in.

In his fraternal career of twenty-six and half years, as president, whooper-up, secretary, and again president, Gib had nursed those pitiful, pathetic figures into 7849 members, 111 divisions, and assets of \$1,214,495!

Closing his career in a blaze of glory, though cruelly hampered by ill health, in the over two years he served as RE-ELECTED president, Gibson had netted \$309,946 to the assets—a gain of nearly a third of a million dollars.

Gib and Bobs! What a team.

"Bobs, if I don't pull through, you 'Carry On!'" were his last words as he left his desk just two hours short of a full week before. And now Bobs and his staff, the Grand Board, were hurrying back to "carry on." And I was left alone—the last of fully 350 who had just seen him buried.

So I hurried away too. For there was work to do. I must hurry down to headquarters, help myself to a typewriter as I had so many times before. Gib must have a send-off; the society must have the benefit of whatever advertising it could get, as partial counter-balance for his loss. Poor little Bobs and myself had not been overly cordial for years, but one of his first acts after Gibson's death was to assign me to get it in the papers. Well, if Bobs could overlook personal matters for the good of the society, so could I.

For seven centuries us Irish and those British have cherished racial hatreds. Gib and Bobs were British descendants; yet I'd be glad to claim them as of my own proud race at times.

Funny little fellow, that Bobs. Cold as an iceberg; seems all the mink of human kindness has been squeezed out of him like juice is squeezed out of a lemon. As gloomy and hard-hearted as some football coach—and as rasping in language. Absorbingly emotionless. And yet I had just seen him crying at the grave.

Wonder if I misjudged the stubborn little shrimp, after all?

Since Denver was Gib's last Grand Convention, I am glad now that I gave it such a voluminous write-up. And so are the half dozen dependable confidantes and co-operators who furnished me with so much data to work on.

The "L" train finally rumbled over the double-deck bridge spanning the Chicago river, and barged up to the first station in the loop—Randolph and Wells—where Gib so often debouched. The slippery flight of narrow stairs to the street, which had so often known his footfalls. The towering City State Bank building on the corner, with its bath-tile whiteness, and the revolving doors Gib used to squeeze his big bulk through. The same elevator-men on whom Gib would bestow a warming smile—Gib was no snob. The same aloof, high-bath marble corridors on the ninth floor, and the elegant suit of corner offices waded down, with only one noticeable change.

Both doors of Gib's room were still closed!

Closed they remained. Only one soul ventured to enter, and gaze around where the only big photograph was that of Teddy Roosevelt. Teddy who "spoke softly, but carried a big stick." Only one—ex-president Harry Anderson, of Indianapolis. I wonder what he thought.

Dear old Teddy was the only leader who would have anything to do with us deaf during the World War. Teddy planned a division recruited from the "exempted classes"—patterned after his Rough Riders; and I myself personally secured his consent to use a few companies of deaf-mute athletes and crack-shots. Wilson put his foot down on Teddy's entire scheme. "The old Lion is dead," and so is his son, Quentin.

As I sat down to dash off my story, there were some two dozen in headquarters—mostly visitors from other cities. Bill Souder from Washington, Tom Howler from Akron, Louis Bachelder from Cincinnati, Art Hinch from Detroit, Johnnie Otto from Springfield, Ed Mather from Jacksonville, Charles Kinsler from Cedar Rapids, Tom Anderson from Council Bluffs, Oscar Truette from Omaha—are some I seem to recall, though I made no notes. Also the third, fourth and fifth Grand Presidents—Kleinbans, Bristol and Anderson. Kleinbans was telling how he and Jesse Waterman had coaxed

Gib into joining the frat, and had made him president the very same day. Joe Miller of Chicago, was vehemently declaiming on his brand-new idea—a massive marble monument to the Grand Old Frat, to be erected by subscription by divisions.

Writing my story, I took it in to the locked office of Secretary Roberts, where the Grand Board was then in secret executive session. If my intent was more to size up the calibre of the men, than to get their collective okay on the story, that's my affair.)

Burly brother Barrow, a trustee, nodded in grim approbation. Certificate number eight (a charter member—one of the original founders of the society) he is the only Old Timer now in office since Gib has gone. Has held some Grand office or other for a longer period than even Gibson himself. Rugged, honest, gruff, typical British-bulldog jowls, Barrow typifies our forgotten and neglected pioneers of 1901.

Trustee Rev. Flick made no comment.

Trustee Leiter, and vice-presidents Howison of Berkeley, and Mueller of Louisville, were absent.

Vice-president Shilton (Toronto, Canada) suggested substituting the phrase "died following a serious operation."

This Shilton somehow impressed me as the best all-around man of the bunch—next to Roberts. Aged about forty-five, graduate of University of Toronto, owner of a printing shop employing several men, his record in Canada is indicative of that rare combination: brains, tact, horse-sense and go-getism.

First vice-president Neesam, for twenty-four years a teacher in the Delavan school, suggested changing the word "irked" in my phrase: "Founded by deaf men, irked by the arbitrary and outrageous premiums imposed on deaf risks." "Irked" accordingly gave place to "vexed."

Neesam is the cold, cool, collected type; slow-moving, sensible, lean-and-lanky, look-before-you-leap. Evinces no swelled-head at this sudden elevation to the command of a million dollars and seven regiments of silent soldiers.

My article closed with two sentences: "First vice-president Frederick J. Neesam automatically becomes head of the society, but will retain his position in the Wisconsin school at Delavan. Actual management of the society will be vested in Secretary-Treasurer Arthur L. Roberts."

Roberts scratched out the entire last sentence.

The other Board members looked at him in amazement. "Why?" "I'm not looking for honors," he explained curtly. "Leave my name out."

Whereupon the Board smiled with satisfaction. Bobs would do; the little whirlwind had his hands full, but was not trying to hog the limelight. He was not aiming to be Czar. All is well.

So I rushed away with my copy. But not to my own Hearst papers. Bobs and I had agreed on that before. Wider publicity, both local and "foreign," would probably be procured by "feeding" the City News Bureau and the Associated Press direct.

Gibson's funeral occurred at a bad time for publicity. Events that would ordinarily call for a half-column on Mondays, is lucky to get even a stickful Saturdays and Sundays—when there is so much news to release. Even so, the Tribune and News of Chicago, and the Times of New York (three of the biggest and most influential sheets in America) gave nice accounts of the funeral.

Well, I filed my copy and hurried back to headquarters where Old Timers and delegates were still relating interesting incidents and anecdotes of Gibson's life in a sort of awed, hushed "tone." Hinch, who alone corralled about sixty new members in three or four months this year, showed me a brief note from Gib, written the afternoon he closed up work, asking him to carry on both for Gib's sake and the society. Hinch is going to treasure that note. It will spur him on for years to come. Just like Gib—he looked ahead.

The Board disperses. Barrow starts telling how Gib would always "dig up" for an Old Timer desperately hard-up—even to this day. Those Old Timers who stuck to the society when the winds of adversity almost blew the frail craft on the Reef of Norman's Woe; who manned the schooner Hesperus and sailed the wintry sea. They found him a brother when their own blood-brothers turned them down. If all the money we emblem-buggers owed Gib had been repaid, his widow would now be better off, and Gibson would not have had to amble around in such raiment. A million and a quarter in the treasury, and Gib and Bobs earning \$3500—less than some of us crack deaf printers!

You can always find "justice"—in the dictionary!

Of these interesting little Gib-anecdotes, more anon, perhaps. Depends on how much space editor Hodgson can accord this series.

I put only one matter up to Barrow, Bristol and Kleinbans. "Gibson's one unrealized ambition was to some day find time enough to write a complete history of the early days of the N. F. S. D. For ten years he has been tirelessly reminding me he wants to get things in shape so he can de-

vote time to that purpose, using the hundreds of dusty old half-tones and zinc-cuts in the vault. Denver finally gave him his chance, but he had only recently begun to start a preliminary series of articles in The Frat. You know why. Now the question is this: Does his death mean your early history will never be written—the same as the true history of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, Laurent Clerc, et al., has never been fully revealed?"

The three grizzled old leaders pondered a moment. Then a flash of their olden youthful energy and ambition came to the surface. "It can be done," they said. "We can remember most of the early incidents; look up others in the files, and in bound volumes of the early society magazines. We can compare, swap reminiscence, and the history may yet be told."

So they said. But I doubt it. Barrow in Chicago, Kleinbans in Kalamazoo or some other tank-town, Bristol in Flint—how are they going to "get together" and "compare?" And can they write? Such a mass of manuscripts to cuss over, such a gigantic jumble of cuts and illustrations—it would be a tremendous task for even a trained writer.

Frankly, I fear that with Gib's going went all chance of the true history ever passing down to coming generations. Only the crude rudiments of known facts, like the outlines of Gallaudet, Alice Cogswell, Braidwood, De l'Epee, Sicard, Sophia Fowler, Clerc and other immortals, will be known fifty years hence.

Next week—provided editor Hodgson can accord the space—I hope to prove the truth of this amazing statement: "The N. F. S. D. loses little tangible in losing Gib!"

An amazing statement! Yet remember it comes from Gib's own best battle-axe—the one impartial outsider who has long and intimately analyzed the men and motives back of our Eminent Enterprise!

### In Memoriam

WHEREAS: Divine Providence has called to eternal rest Francis P. Gibson, for many years connected with the Home Office of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; and

WHEREAS: Francis P. Gibson, by his tireless labors and devotion to the happiness and welfare of his fellow deaf people, and by his genial spirit, sterling character and jovial disposition, was universally esteemed, respected and loved; and

WHEREAS: He labored unselfishly and wholeheartedly for the N. F. S. D. almost from the time of its inception until the time of his illness and final passing from us, so that he was largely instrumental in placing the N. F. S. D. on the firm foundation on which it now stands.

We mourn his untimely passing; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Portland Division No. 41, N. F. S. D., direct that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of Francis P. Gibson as an expression of our sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for publication, and that a copy be spread upon the minutes of this division.

B. L. CHAVEN, President  
F. S. DELANOY  
C. H. LANDS, Secretary  
Committee

Dated, Portland, Ore.  
December 7, 1929.

### Our Best Friend

A good book is our best friend. It gives us all it has, even itself, and asks nothing in return. It is never offended at neglect. It never changes with the years. It is never jealous of a rival and is nearest and dearest in lonely hours and when all other friends have fled.

A good book never intrudes itself upon us but is ever ready to serve us for the asking. It never forgets to repeat when we, like children, ask to be told the story again. It never leaves nor forsakes us until worn out in our service. And even then, when destroyed by serving us, it leaves its spirit behind as a blessed comforter forever.

The greatest truths of time and eternity have been revealed by books. The loftiest heroisms, the most unselfish examples, the noblest characters have been made immortal by being recorded in books. The past has carried its wealth of wisdom down to the present time, by means of books.

Poets and dramatists have sent the divine flame of their genius to illumine every age, novelists have pictured life in its sweetest possibilities, and philosophers have given the eternal reasons of truth by means of books.

Science has only been able to make its solutions of mysteries a blessing universal by means of books, and religion has had the same handmaiden to assist her in all her beneficent toil, and God himself has spoken to the mind and heart of man through the pages of the Book of books.—J. D. Phelps, Ph.D.

### THE FIRST SILK HAT.

The top, or silk hat was invented by John Hetherington, a London haberdasher, the first one being worn by him on January 15th, 1779. It was designed simply to create a novelty. Hetherington's appearance nearly caused a riot, and he was arrested, the charge stating that women had fainted at the sight of his hat. He was bound over to £1,000 surety for his future good behaviour.—Selby Times.

## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

### LUTHERAN BAZAAR

The bazaar of the Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf was not favored by the weather. The three days of the affair were bleak and cold. The thermometer registered below the freezing point from the start and continued to drop. But that did not cool the ardor of those who labored for the cause. They waited and hoped, and the last day saw a fulfillment of their hope. In spite of the cold ad biting weather, the shoppers grew in numbers. As the gifts came from New York and New Jersey, so there were friends from both states, who came to speak a cheering word to those who labored for the cause. To all these the Chairman, Miss Katherine Christgau, and to all who lent a helping hand, the Committee wishes Godspeed and a happy new year. The bazaar was successful. The sum realized exceeded that of all previous ones. For this we are in part indebted to our deaf friends, and use this means to again express our hearty thanks.

At the Prince George Hotel on 28th Street, Mr. and Mrs. George Hull, of Boston, held a reception in one of its parlors last Friday evening, and were assisted by Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer, of New York, and Miss Dorothy Raymond, of Boston, on the eve of their departure for California by steamer through the Panama Canal.

Among the guests present were Miss Lydia Hayward, Miss Edith M. Ely, Mr. John O'Rourke, all of Boston; Mrs. Gooding and her son, James, of Jackson Heights; Mr. Fred Jerwan, of Hempstead, L. I.; Mrs. Alice Williams, Scarsdale, N. Y.; Mrs. Bertha Freeman Smith, of Tenafly, N. J.; Misses Mabel Johns and Lydia Hayward, of Bronxville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Waldo A. Ries, Mrs. Jane Palmer Regan, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bloom and son, Edgar, Jr., Mr. James O. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mabel Dickerson, Miss Sophie Boatwright, Mr. Keith W. Morris, Mrs. Estelle Sunderhauf, Miss Emily Andem, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonson, Mr. Horace Moorehead, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Underwood and Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, all of New York City.

A light collation was served and small talk was indulged in till half past ten when good-byes were heartily tendered to the travelers.

They left on the steamer "Virginia" at 11, Saturday morning, and are due at Los Angeles two weeks later. They expect to remain away till the latter part of March.

The tenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. Hagan was fittingly celebrated with an exclusive banquet and attended by sixty relatives and friends, at the Hungarian Dining Hall, Brooklyn, on December 21st.

The menu and "supporting cast" were excellent. Mrs. Hagan, nee Miss Edith Kallman, in a speech to the guests, expressed her heartfelt gratitude for the beautiful presents received, and Mr. Hagan, as master of ceremonies, is to be commended upon the sagacious arrangement of the occasion. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. Hagan, Mr. and Mrs. Donovan, of Richmond Hill, Mr. and Mrs. A. McClay, of Fairview, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Berman, Mr. and Mrs. Mosler, Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Eisen, Mr. and Mrs. Eisenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Weiner, Mr. and Mrs. A. Zwickler, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Friedman and daughter, Mrs. Hattie Schulman, Mr. E. Souweine, Mr. Nathan Lietz and Mr. Hamra all of New York and Brooklyn.

The annual Christmas festival at St. Ann's Church was held on Friday evening, December 27th. There was a larger attendance than usual, and about twenty children of all ages below ten crowded up near the stage, eagerly awaiting the appearance of Santa Claus, who arrived at 8 P.M. The contour of his face was suspiciously much like that of Miss Nettie Miller. After a short speech, Santa invited all to come along, and appropriate toys, together with candy and fruits, were presented to them. The grown-ups came in for a share of the goodies, too. The committee in charge were Mrs. H. Diekmann, Miss Miller and Messrs. Carr and Ruthven.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, of Olyphant, Pa., gave a sign-talk, at Union League Hall, to over two hundred deaf ladies and gentlemen, on the evening of Monday, December 30th. It was very interesting, amusing and instructive. It was held under N. A. D. auspices, and Mr. S. Frankenheim presided. Mr. Kenner spoke eloquently in urging the deaf to become members of the N. A. D., and to attend the convention in Buffalo, N. Y., in August.

The parents of Anna M. Klaus wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Martha, to Mr. William Walters, Jr., a real-estate broker of Bergen County, N. J.

At the December monthly meeting of the Men's Club of St. Ann's Church, the election of officers for the new year resulted as follows: Edward Carr, President; Dr. Edwin Nies, Vice-President; Victor Anderson, Secretary, and William Wren, Treasurer. The Executive Committee consists of Messrs. A. C. Stern, Frank Lux and A. C. Reiff.

The Rev. Guilbert C. Braddock will be instituted as Vicar of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, 511 West 148th Street, New York, N. Y., on Sunday afternoon, January 5th, at 3 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Burgess, Rector, will officiate at the service of institution. The deaf of the entire city and vicinity are invited to be present on this special occasion.

The friends of Jack Seltzer will regret to learn that he is quite sick with stomach trouble, at his home on Washington Heights.

Mrs. Ira Worcester, of Stamford, Ct., spent Christmas week with her old classmate, Ethel Collins, of Barnegat, N. J. They visited in Atlantic City one day. Mrs. Worcester enjoyed her trip very much.

The Misses Gallaudet wish to thank their friends for the many and beautiful Christmas and New Year cards received by them, which were greatly appreciated.

### The Wit of Bees

A Virginia farmer had a few swarms of bees which he kept in what are called box-hives. Inside these were small boxes which would hold about two or three pounds of honey each. About eight of these were placed in the top of the hive, and as at least one side of each box was of glass, the keeper could easily look into the hives and see when the boxes were filled with honey.

The farmer usually chose to do this early in the morning, before the bees came out to begin the labor of the day, or at night when they had finished them. Bees do not like to have their dwelling-places molested, and generally try to sting the intruder.

One day some friends were at the farmer's house, and, as they wanted honey very much, the farmer thought he would venture to take it out in the afternoon. He knew that some of the boxes were quite full. The hives stood a few rods from the house, and on that side of the house were large doors leading into the cellar.

It has been mentioned that the boxes were partly of glass, but the bottom of each was made of little slats, so that the bees could go in and out as they liked.

The farmer took out several boxes, carried them into the cellar, shut the cellar doors nearly together, and hurried away. He put the boxes into the cellar in order to allow any bees which might be in them to fly out and return to the hive; but, in his haste to avoid being stung, the farmer left the doors open too much, so that the cellar was quite light, where as it should have been nearly dark.

The bees were so excited and enraged that they flew in all directions, attacking every one who came in their way. A woman on the porch was stung on her cheek; a neighbor passing along the road, fared no better, and a great running and screaming ensued.

When supper-time came, there were so many bees flying about the cellar doors that no one cared to go near them. Early the next morning the farmer looked out of the dining-room window and observed that the air was still full of bees.

At about ten o'clock he looked again, and not a bee could be seen. He went down and brought up the boxes. But, instead of being heavy with honey, as they were the day before, when taken from the hive, they were almost as light as air, being filled only with empty comb. The bees had worked with a will and had carried all the honey back to the hives.

### Third Anniversary

## DINNER and DANCE

of the

NEWARK H. A. D.

on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1930

at the

Newark Y. M. H. A.

GOOD DANCE MUSIC

Admission - - - One Dollar

(including dinner)

Send order for ticket (enclosing \$1) to the Chairman, Sara Zanger, 11 South Orange Ave., Newark, N. J. Her telephone No. 34 Market 4372.

Directions:—From New York take the Tube, then Bus No. 46 (High St.) to the "Y."



## GALLAUDET COLLEGE

The Christmas holidays started off with a bang, and now, as the hour draws near for us to return to our daily recitations, we find ourselves looking back with pleasure over the days that are past. On Sunday, December 22d, a mixed supper was held. This was one of the few instances on which it was possible to behold the rare spectacle of the young men eating with "table manners." The amount of food they removed from the plates, however, seems to indicate that "table manners" are hardly meant for the comfort of hungry young fellows.

After supper, the students assembled in the Girls' Reading Room in Fowler Hall, where a social was held until nine o'clock. A trip to the bowling alleys of the Y. W. C. A. had been scheduled for both boys and girls on Monday evening, December 23d. However, when that evening came around, only two couples still desired to go, so a social was held in Fowler Hall instead. A fire was made in the Reading Room, and those who could find seats gathered around it. The rest sat at tables, playing checkers, cards, and dominoes.

December 24th, at eight o'clock in the evening, the young men and women gathered in Chapel Hall for the annual Christmas Party under the supervision of the Y. W. and the Social Club. The following program was given:

Song, "The Other Wise Man," Mary Ross, '32.  
Song, "A Christmas Song," John O'Brien, '32.  
Tableaux, "The Life of Christ," Members of the Y. W. and the Social Club.  
Play, "Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus," Rae Martin, '32, and Angela Watson, '32.

After this program, Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus handed out a few presents and gave each person a home-made stocking full of candy and nuts. The party ended at ten o'clock, after which everyone went to bed to dream of the presents Santa was going to bring them.

At five a.m. on the morning of Christmas Day, Santa Claus came creeping up the stairs of Fowler Hall. Everything was as quiet as could be. Santa entered each room, and, after awakening each girl and giving her a stocking full of candy and nuts, led the way downstairs to the door of the Reading Room. When these were opened, a lovely Christmas tree was revealed. Electric lights sparkled from every branch, and boxes were piled high beneath it. Santa handed out the presents. Everyone received at least one present, not even the Hindu and Japanese Normals were forgotten. At six o'clock the girls returned to their respective rooms, where they opened their packages and exchanged Christmas greetings.

There was chicken for dinner that day! And cranberry sauce! And all the other goodies that go with a Christmas dinner. Everyone was happy, hungry and full of merriment.

In the afternoon there were unchaperoned theatre parties, made up of two or more couples, with at least one Junior or Senior girl among each group.

At 8 p.m. an informal dance was held in the Young Men's Refectory. Everyone was tired, however, and as a result, there was not much merriment. At ten o'clock the college retired.

On Thursday, December 26th, the usual competition plays between the boys and girls were given in Chapel Hall at eight p.m. The girls gave a play, "In 1990," in which they foretold that the day will come when women will take men's place in all activities, including war-making. The boys gave a play called "In a Purely Scientific Spirit." This play was worked around the adventures of some deaf pupils in an oral school, and displayed clearly the handicaps that oral students often have to face. The play was refreshingly funny; and, although the girls' play was original and amusing, the judges decided that the boys' was more so, and awarded the victory to them. The girls will have to treat the boys to ice-cream in payment.

The Literary Society convened on the night of Friday, December 27th, with Professor Frederick H. Hughes as the Alumnus speaker. Professor Hughes' story was "The Monster in the Pool." As is always the case, he held his audience enthralled from beginning to end. Professor Hughes is a master of the art of story-telling. His method of expressing each incident is so well perfected that the audience is awayed with every motion he desires to impart to them. We feel that we were very fortunate to have him as our speaker.

Saturday, December 28th, was a day of washing and ironing for most of the young ladies in Fowler Hall. At eight o'clock that evening, however, they got out their penitents, donned their hats and coats, and trotted over to the Old Jim to witness the basketball team in its tussle with the "Y" College of the city. To our dismay, however, the game was an easy one, our team winning by a score of 61 to 13.

The next basketball game on the schedule will be played with the Milton College of Pharmacy in Baltimore, Md.

GENEVA FLORENCE

REV. J. W. MICHAELS

Rev. J. W. Michaels, pastor of the First Baptist Evangelical Church for the Deaf, at Lincoln and Park Avenues, North Fort Worth.

Born in Richmond, Va., in 1854, just prior to the Civil War days, J. W. Michaels had all the faculties of any normal child.

When he was about nine years of age, and during the seven-day battle near Richmond, young Michaels spent his time carrying water and "minding flies" off of sick and wounded Confederate soldiers.

The nearness to the continuous roar of war cannons day and night, fractured young Michaels' ear drums, causing erysipelas in the head, which completely destroyed his hearing.

Speech was retained, and he attended the public schools one year before they were closed by the Civil War conditions. He then attended the Virginia school for the deaf, and later the Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

From the saddle and harness business, Rev. Michaels began teaching the deaf, first at his Alma Mater, then to the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock, where he was principal for twenty-five years.

His spare time was spent in religious work for the adult deaf. He was ordained a Baptist minister by Governor James P. Eagle, of Arkansas, in 1904, and was shortly afterward called to be missionary and evangelist to the deaf for the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention for its fields east and west of the Mississippi River, comprising seventeen states.

Rev. Michaels has organized 80 mission stations for the deaf mutes, with large stations at Fort Worth, Dallas, Waco, Houston, Austin, San Antonio and a number of smaller places.

In 1907 he purchased two lots at Lincoln and Park Avenues, North Fort Worth, and donated the corner lot for a church building for the deaf-mutes. The building was erected by public subscription.

A few years later, a parsonage was added and a stationary minister supplied.

All denominations worship at this church, which is at present pastored by Rev. Michaels, who is beginning his twenty-fourth year with the Baptist Mission Board.

Owing to Rev. Michaels' advanced age, the mission board is having a young man trained to assist in the work. He is Rev. A. O. Wilson, who came from Sweden and makes his home in Temple.

Services are held at the church every Sunday at 3 p.m. Socials and dinners are held frequently at the church. Rev. Michaels has four daughters, who are college and university graduates. All are teaching, two in the school for the deaf in Arkansas, one acting as superintendent of the institution. His children have their normal faculties.

The following is an outline of the services conducted at the Baptist Evangelical Church for the Deaf, Park and Lincoln, North Fort Worth, as conducted by Rev. Michaels.

"Making the Home Christian" outlined as follows: "The Child Jesus in the Home," "The Religious Training of a Child," "The Sanctity of Marriage," "Grace at Meals," "Domestic Duties," "The Gain of a Godly Lineage," "Safeguarding Future Generations."

Only one service is held on Sunday, which is at 3 p.m., embracing both the Sunday school and preaching hour.

The church enrollment numbers about 65, but an attendance reaches as high as 150 on special days, which packs the church to capacity, Rev. Michaels said.

There are about 150 deaf-mutes within trolley reach of the church," the pastor said.

The pastor also maintains a "free employment bureau" in connection with the work.—Fort Worth Press.

### FAREWELL LUNCHEON

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Dundon, of 315 Twelfth Avenue, Belmar, gave a farewell luncheon last Tuesday night in honor of Jerry Newman, of Belmar, who leaves on January 1st for West Palm Beach, Fla., where he will spend the winter. The guests included Miss Eleanor Dwyer, of Red Bank; Otto Mangrum, of Asbury Park; Edith V. Dundon, John R. Dundon, Russell W. Brown, and Miss Eleanor Thompson, of Belmar.—Asbury Park Evening Press, Dec. 26, 1929.

### E. A. H.

Ed Hodgson, hale and hearty, looks back on fifty years of service to our party—To you and I, my dear; Full fifty years and over His printed page has spread Our triumphs—days in clover—The dirges for our dead. Then light the Christmas tapers For Edwin Allan, late "The Brisbane" of deaf papers, The "Gibson" of our "Nad!" J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

## CHICAGO

Francis P. Gibson was missing—sadly missed—at the first frat function occurring since his death, when No. 1 held its annual Christmas Tree in the Capitol building, December 21st. Francis P. Gibson's strong soul was only one of the billions of bright stars twinkling on the big Christmas tree. Gib's gone!

A year ago Gib and his plump little wife and their guest—Mrs. Bessie Lesley, of Denver, wife of the banquet toastmaster at that memorable convention—lent tone and color to the celebration. But that was a long year ago. This season a relative pall seemed to be over the gathering. There was not, if I must say it, the elan, the good spirit, the care-free gaiety of 1928.

Gib was one of those who is never properly appreciated until he is gone. It is always so.

Still, a good time was had by all—especially the kiddies. This Christmas tree business is the one time of the year when all the frat families gather without the presence of outsiders; the one time when we old "uns" realize the encroaching years by comparing the growth of our youngsters in the past twelvemonth. A year, and some tiny tot is a grown boy; or some boy branches out as a man. Us old "uns" we're deaf-dumb; we don't count much in the civilized scheme of things, it seems; our only use to the world is to develop bright, upstanding Christian citizens like the Chaneys, the Menkens, the Rotherths, the MacDonaldis. Who will carry on after we too are gone to join Gib in his celestial division—hovering on some distant cloud-bank with the only pass-word "I tried to make the old world better while I was down there."

There was a toy for every tot. Apples and oranges and a box of old-fashioned tusk-tantalizing candy (the kind our false teeth rebel at—but oh, the olden memories.) There were songs, talks and propaganda. And a real live Santy, with his grotesque grin and his tottering walk. Seems Santy, old socks, is growing old like the rest of us. There were two outstanding addresses. One was that of the new Grand President Frederick Neesam—his first appearance since his sudden elevation. He related how he and Bobs were room-mates during four years at Gallaudet; he told of Gibson's record, and outlined how the safe, sound, constructive policies of our Grand Old Frat would be faithfully followed.

Grand Secretary-Treasurer Arthur L. Roberts related how he and Neesam had spent all day in the office, going over policies; and how they would work all day Sunday also. "President Neesam is a thoroughly honest, dependable party," he stated. "Has unusual excellent judgment. You can safely depend on him. You can depend on the new management—if you can depend on yourselves. After all, the N. F. S. D. is you. We can 'carry on' if you can carry on. We are depending on your own good judgment. We will urgently need the same unselfish, united spirit of cooperation you gave good old Gib. We cannot, will not, must not fail!"

Somehow, even the skeptics, still awed by the spontaneous outburst of affectionate confidence displayed for the great Gib, as typified by \$2000 worth of flowers from afar, somehow all felt confidence in the cool little Roberts, and the deliberate, drawing, Lincoln-like Neesam.

They have not the personal magnetism and pulling-power of a Gibson or a Teddy Roosevelt; but they look like the very men best suited to "carry on," as per Gib's last command. You won't care much for them, personally—they are not back-slapping glad-handers. But they seem to be all business. And, after all, the N. F. S. D. is mainly a business proposition; its main business is to see sick members draw benefits, and our widows get the little nest-egg to themselves carry on after we join Gib.

Say, buddy; let's you and I carry on with those who carry on. Newton Stanley was found dead with his hands and feet strapped to the County Hospital Monday, December 23d, some hours after an operation for stomach trouble. His long illness left him in a weak condition so that he could not endure the painful operation. His body will be shipped to Potter's field in Oak Forest, if no arrangement for the funeral is made by his folks living in Texas. His deaf sister, Mrs. Hosea Hooper, lives on the South Side here.

Aeronautics for January has an illustrated article about the "foolproof" Arrow-plane invented by a deaf-mute in Zurich, Switzerland. Elaborate tests completed in the Goettingen laboratory in Germany are said to prove it will not only fly when crippled, but has seven times the safety-factor of any plane on the market today. The name of the young deaf inventor is Alexander Solderhoff.

Chicago papers are running photos of Miss Helen Keller every few days; first she has joined some cult, next she has a new pet clinic, presently she—but why go on. The poor girl is "good copy" and probably don't realize she is just being used as propaganda for fads and fancies.

Seems to me there was once a man named Thoms Hopkins Gallaudet.

Believe he once did something or other for the deaf. Oh, yes; now I got it—he started the first successful school for the deaf in this continent. When you and I were young, we used to reverently celebrate his birthday. But not no more, nobow. At least not here in Chicago, the self-styled "Capitol of Deafdom;" no, sir. December 10th came and went, and the number of observance of the date summed to one colossal cipher. What price gratitude?

The December Typographical Journal says: "Ethelbert D. Hunter, while on a visit in Kentucky and Tennessee, went to see the school which he attended fifty years ago. He found it somewhat changed. Hunter is a deaf-mute, working at the Excelsior Printing Company, and expects to live fifty years longer. Hop to it, old kid!"

The same issue lists four union typists in the United States have just been expelled for ratting. One seems to be deaf—Tilden Smith, of Waco, Texas.

Football coach Robey Burns, of the school in Jax, spent his Christmas with his mother and sister in Washington, D. C.

The Methodist ladies raised money for their "trees" by giving card parties at various private homes. On the 13th, eleven tables at Mrs. Ed Carlson's raised fourteen dollars; and on the 17th another \$7.43 was garnered by the tables at the Emery Horn home.

Young Caroline Hyman, president of the new Parker Oralite Club, engineered their initial social venture with a successful card party at All Angels, December 13th.

December 14th, the Matthew Schettlers gave a send-off party at their home for Miss Mary Ruppert, who left the next day for her old home in Pittsburgh, after being here since September 1st. She left because of the prevailing industrial depression—having been offered her old office job in the Smoky City, which she held for over eight years prior to trying her luck in the Windy City. Her friends gave her a nice purse, following four tables of cards.

John DeLance, Duluth's popular poet, who gained quite a clientele as the star poetaster of the busted Iowa Hawkeye, has come to make his residence in Chicago. Now if Crutcher, of Detroit, and Terry, of Los Angeles, would do likewise, Chicago's Deafdom would have quite a literary circle. Terry, by the way, has just printed his latest volume of verse, "Sung in Silence," which retails at two dollars in the book stores.

"Dummy Mahan" knocked out Babe Anderson in nine rounds, in Oakland, Cal., December 12th, according to press notices.

Misses Alice and Helen Hanson—young daughters of the past president of the National Association of the Deaf, Dr. Olof Hanson, of Seattle, are living at 1126 East 56th Street. Helen is working here for a year, while Alice with her \$1000 scholarship is studying for a Doctor of Philosophy degree. Alice is the only child of the deaf known to have won a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Miss Virginia Dries, of Peoria, came to attend the Gibson funeral. She did not—just before leaving her sister's home here for the chapel, she was taken violently sick from eating turtle soup.

The morning of the funeral, Andrew Knauf and his pretty wife started from Aurora, some sixty miles away, to drive in for the rites. They had driven but a few blocks when they crashed into a big truck. They were removed to St. Charles Hospital, badly cut about the hands and arms. Andrew is around again, but Alma will be confined for several weeks, the doctors ordering she must be kept quiet.

Mrs. Lacie Shelton, who came from Denver last fall, is taking a two weeks' Christmas vacation visiting her uncle in Detroit.

Bill Johnson, supervisor in the school at Jax, spent the holidays in and around Chicago.

Mrs. Menken and her famous daughter, Miss Helen, arrived from New York on the 21st, preparatory to Helen's opening in "The Infinite Shoeblack," at the Playhouse on the 23d.

Miss Emma Maser is on her annual holiday-expedition to the old folks in Lincoln, Neb. The Lincolmites are all intelligent and highly-civilized and worth-knowing citizens. Yesser; most positively. We know it, because this column once called them "unenlightened heathen," whereon the charming little Otto Blankenship took us properly to task in the Hawkeye, quoting facts and figures to prove her point. We never argue with a woman—the women nowadays are too danged smart for us men.

One of the dailies recently ran a picture showing a husky cop rescuing from a snowdrift the pretty grown daughter of the Morton Henrys.

Mrs. Clara Spears, of Racine, Wis., is a guest of her sister, Mrs. W. Sullivan, for two weeks. Her son, Arthur, has remained at the latter's home since the death of his brother.

A service at the M. E. Mission Sunday, December 22d, was largely attended, and Rev. Hasenstab assisted by Mrs. C. H. Elmes administered holy communion to a large number.

After that a program was opened with Miss Anna Schaeffer taking the part of Mary, and Mrs. Elmes singing "first Christmas," followed by the parts of the "seekers and the prophet," taken by Charles Sharpnack and Rev. Hasenstab respectively. Then two tableaux

were given, the first showing "Shepherds," by Ben Ryan and Edwin Stafford, and the second showing "wise men," by William Zollinger, Matthew Fokken and Guy Fravoite.

Miss Cora Jacoba, singing "Joy to the World," was followed by "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," sung by Mrs. Elmes in graceful signs in conclusion.

A large crowd packed the M. E. Mission to the door, enjoying a Christmas tree entertainment, Monday, December 23d, instead of Friday, December 20th, as scheduled. Mrs. W. Zollinger, Mrs. Meagher and Rev. Hasenstab each gave an interesting talk on the birth of Jesus Christ. Then the curtain lifted, exposing an electric lighted tree loaded with toys, boxes of candy and presents to view, followed by the appearance of Edwin Stafford, in the person of Santa Claus. The distribution was made among children, followed by an exchange of gifts.

The Pas-a-Pas Club had a Christmas tree festival at its club hall, Sunday, December 22d, with a large attendance, the affair being for members and families only. Mr. G. March acted Santa Claus, distributing toys and candy among the children, followed by an exchange of gifts between older persons.

Superintendent Mrs. Hyman made the inmates at the Home for Aged Deaf happy, by distributing gifts and other things on the morning of Wednesday, December 25th.

Rev. Hasenstab had to cancel his last two appointments in Indiana, and come home directly on account of snow drifts preventing interurban traffic.

Rev. Hasenstab was at the funeral of Mrs. Lee Norris. She passed away on December 15th at 4 p.m. Funeral service by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Kistler, pastor of Fairview Presbyterian Church, Mr. Hadyshell interpreting. In another room, Miss McNaughton also interpreted.

A new platform was made and three new electric lights put up, for Epworth League's use, in front of the sanctuary at the M. E. Mission.

Mrs. Sarah Baker, foster mother of Mrs. Harold Swanwick, nee Lena Baker, died December 19th, in Three Rivers, Mich., in her eighty-second year. Dropsy and infirmities of age caused her death. She leaves daughter, son-in-law and two grandchildren to mourn her demise. Interment was in Corylls, Mich. (near Three Rivers).

Rev. Flick's Church and the Lutheran also celebrates Christmas with festivals on Tuesday, December 24th and Wednesday, December 25th, respectively, followed by the distribution of toys and candy and an exchange of gifts.

Father O'Brien held mass with holy communion at the Ephpheta club house, Wednesday morning, December 25th, with a large attendance. After mass, the audience went down to the dining room to partake of breakfast. After eating, they passed a social time in conversation. An exchange of gifts was made between the deaf persons.

### THIRD FLAT

Theophilus d'Estrella, the Children's Friend

What a man he was—teacher, lecturer, writer, artist, traveller, sportsman, nature lover, but above all, he was the Children's Friend. David Starr Jordan said: "There is nothing in the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If ever you wish to go in for philanthropy, if ever you wish to be of real use in the world, do something for children. If ever you yearn to be wise, study children..."

This might have been Mr. d'Estrella's own life motto. Having no home or family life of his own, he lived with, and for, the school children, doing something for them all his life, with little thought of personal gain.

What were all those thousands of kodak pictures and lantern-slides for but the education and entertainment of his boys and girls. He put at our disposal countless scrap-books of various kinds so painstakingly compiled for our benefit. What a joy it always was to while away an otherwise dull Saturday afternoon in a ramble over the Berkeley hills with him, listening to his interesting and instructive observations on Nature. On a rainy day, the double swinging-doors of our study-room would swing open and there stood Mr. d'Estrella—"How about a story, eh?"

—how it must have amused him to see our mad scramble for chairs by way of answer, followed by that breathless hush as we eagerly waited for him to begin. How closely associated with him will memories of our school days always be. Sharing our little joys and sorrows, joining in our games, taking an interest in our little hobbies—brightening our out-of-school hours in such countless little ways, how like a big brother to us all, as well as teacher and friend, so thoroughly did he seem to understand us.

Every year, his summer outings took him into far out-of-the-way places in God's great Out of Doors, and he always came back to share with us the pictures he took and the wealth of material he gleaned for his always interesting lectures. Last summer it was up into British Columbia. This summer—he quietly went away to that faraway land from which no traveller returns—we shall always like to think of him as being away on his Last Outing, and that, after a time, we shall see our old friend again.

WILDEY MEYERS.

## Los Angeles, Cal.

Something out of the ordinary in the way of entertainments was the very interesting and brilliant program presented by Albert Ballin, the night of December 13th, in Burdette Hall of the Philharmonic Auditorium. That some of the famous movie stars helped him was in itself a notable tribute to Mr. Ballin's enterprise and daring, for who but Mr. Ballin could have enlisted their sympathy and awakened their interest in signs. Mr. Neil Hamilton, the actor, was the Master of Ceremonies, and Mrs. Grace Emery Coombs was the interpreter, but Mr. Hamilton called them Pat and Mike, and got off some wise-cracks about their appearance together. Would you believe it, that the famous Laura LaPlante was there, beautifully gowned, and made a few remarks in signs about the book, "The Deaf-Mute Howls," surprising the deaf, although they knew she used the manual alphabet on the set in talking to Mr. Ballin. A singer, Miss Gordon, sang for the benefit of the hearing people present. Leslie Hunt, a deaf magician, introduced some new tricks in sleight-of-hand. Mr. Ballin, in signs, briefly spoke of the theme of his book, his address being read orally by Mrs. Coombs.

Miss Violet LaPlante (sister of Laura) signed "Nearer, My God, to Thee," taught her by Mr. Ballin. It did not closely adhere to the conventional way of signing, as it had imaginative and impressionistic features, but it was a very beautiful and graceful rendition. Little Verda Kuhn, the six-year-old daughter of deaf parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kuhn, of Los Angeles, made a hit, telling the story of "The Three Bears," orally, and signing at the same time, not forgetting any of the story and not being troubled by "stage fright." She was warmly applauded, indeed, so were all the others on the program. Next on the program was Ernest Seton Thompson. Mrs. Raymond Gesner interpreted his first remarks, in which he said he had once addressed the students at Gallaudet College on the Indian sign language. Then he gave a very realistic and thrilling talk in the Indian signs, holding the audience spellbound. Mr. Ballin then gave his stirring and dramatic version of "Marseillaise," the famous French national air, without an interpreter. Victor Terry then read "Lochinvar," before it was declaimed by Mr. Ballin. These two wonderful recitations of Mr. Ballin should be preserved in permanent record form by the National Association of the Deaf along with the records of other masters of signs.

Another big event of a recent date was the Bazaar of the Los Angeles Silent Club, on November 23d, which, besides the members, drew out many of the deaf who do not belong to any particular club. Miss Ella Roy was chairman, assisted by Mesdames Schneider, Conway, Noah, Matilda Sonneborn, Cupps, Rother, Stillman, Briscoe, Willman, Wittwer, Estella Thompson, Butterbaugh, Owen, Miss Bible, and Messrs. Briscoe, Rother, Conway, Schneider, Boss, Beck, Omar Smith, Butterbaugh and others.

Among the visitors from outside we met Mrs. Wildey Meyers, of Selma, Miss Robles, of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Susan Walgren, of San Diego. Chances on articles had been sold, and the drawing was held late in the evening. The silk quilt made by the L.A.S.C. ladies was won by Mrs. W. H. Rother, the bridge lamp by Mrs. Arthur Gronlund, two large dolls went respectively to Mrs. Rother and Mrs. Ora Blanchard, and a chicken donated by the Frank Thompsons was won by Mr. W. E. Dean.

The profits, amounting to over \$200 after all expenses were paid, were deposited in the Building Fund of the club. The annual Christmas entertainment of the club will be held on the evening of December 21st. "There will be a big tree and a play, 'The Christmas Dream,' with Susan Stillman, Marilyn Hetts and Mrs. Raymond Stillman, as the cast, a play that will delight the kiddies, and the beautiful dancing of Marilyn Hetts will entertain the grown-ups. There will be candy for every one and gifts for the children, distributed by good old Saint Nick. The entertainment will be in charge of Mrs. Kenneth Willman. December 14th, a plate supper was served in the banquet room, the money thus earned going into The Christmas Fund. Afterwards "500" and bunco were played in the club room, and the result of the recent election was announced. The officers for 1930 are: President, James Conway; Vice-President, Mrs. Susan Reddick; Secretary, Mrs. George Cordero; Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Conway; Directors, Mrs. W. F. Schneider, Raymond Stillman, Miss Ella Roy, Mrs. R. Stillman, Mrs. Henri Briscoe, W. H. Rother, Henri Briscoe, Mrs. Grace Noah, Charles Boss, Omar Smith, Mrs. Estella Thompson, Mrs. Earl Lewis and L. H. Wilder.

The Catholic Sodality met on December 1st and elected the following officers: President, Harold DeVolpi; Vice-President, Miss Jose-

phine Coenen; Secretary, Miss Madeline Sprangers; Treasurer, Harry Whalen.

The Sunshine Circle, the ladies' charitable society, held their regular monthly meeting on the afternoon of December 4th. Officers elected were President, Mrs. Gertrude Singleton; First Vice-President, Mrs. Mary Scheffer; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Meta Hatcher; Secretary, Mrs. Earl Field; Treasurer, Mrs. Augusta Barrett.

Los Angeles Division, No. 27, N.F.S.D., elected their officers at their regular meeting, December 7th. President, Leon Fisk; Vice-President, Thomas Elliott; Secretary, Clarence H. Doane; Treasurer, Mr. Brooks; Sergeant, Mr. Tate; Director, Mr. P. Reilly; Trustees, Messrs. Samuelson, George, and Wilson.

No. 27 had a Box Social on November 9th, at the Fraternal Brotherhood Building, 945 South Figueroa Street. The affair was held in the L. A. S. C. hall, as out of courtesy to the Frats the club had no meeting that night. A good crowd was present, and enjoyed the "spels" of the auctioneers, Messrs. Fisk, James, Briscoe and Samuelson. The prize for the most beautiful box went to Mrs. Allen, of Pasadena, and for the most original to Mrs. W. F. Schneider. The buyers and the ladies who donated the boxes then adjourned to eat the tempting lunches in the banquet room, where coffee was served free to them; to the luckless ones who had no boxes there was a small charge for coffee and doughnuts. The Frats made a good profit on the social and they plan a dance for February.

The Frats and his other friends were here shocked at the untimely death of Francis P. Gibson, to whom much credit is due for building up the N. F. S. D. to its present strong position. The Los Angeles Division was organized by a group of young men who had faith in "Gib," and at a time when there were many to scoff at and discourage his high aims. Mr. Gibson had visited here several times, the last time was last July, when with Mrs. Gibson he spent three days here. The last time the writer saw him was at the big reception in the Masonic Temple, when he gave a forceful and interesting address and seemed to a casual observer to be in his usual health. I still remember the applause which greeted his announcement that the Los Angeles Division was sixth in the leadership race. He was a good friend too, to many not connected with the N. F. S. D., who will join in saying, "A good man has gone."

Mrs. Matilda Sonneborn has made her arrangements for a trip to Florida. She will leave on February 3d, on the steamship "Pennsylvania," and will go through the Panama Canal, stopping at Havana, where she will take another steamer to Key West, where it will stay three hours, and then go to Port Tampa to meet her cousin. After visiting there awhile, she will probably go to New York City, her former home. Her many friends wish her a pleasant trip and safe return.

Mr. Lawrence Belsar, of Seattle, was a recent visitor at the L.A.S.C. He is staying at Redondo Beach for the benefit of his health, with his mother and family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann treated Mr. and Mrs. James K. Watson and Mr. Dean to a trip to Santa Barbara in their car. They stopped at the famous Montecito Inn there. They had pleasant calls on Mr. and Mrs. Ward Small, Mr. Waters, and Mr. Ben Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boss had a little dinner party on December 12th, in honor of the first wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Watson.

Mrs. Frederick Meinken, of Chicago, is a recent arrival. She is making a survey to see how she likes it here, and if her report is favorable, she and Mr. Meinken expect to move here some time in the future.

ABRAM HALL

## CHARLES J. SANFORD

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.

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## The Old Maids' Club of Detroit

DEAR EDITOR:

The reason I have not written before is because I have not written before, also because every time I would start to write it would come up a snowstorm and you couldn't expect me to write with it a snowstorming. Could you?

Well, mister editor Hodgson, I want to tell you about a show what I seen at the D. O. D. club. (Notice: "D. A. D." stands for Detroit Association for Deaf, and not for "Deaf and Dumb," as some of the hearing people have thought) last Saturday night. It was the best show ever I seen by the deaf people anywhere, and you know I have seen 'em by the deaf people everywhere during my travels around this here interesting western hemispheric in a side door Pullman. This here show was a comedy. And it was the comediest comedy I ever seen comedied. I luffed till my gizzards shook. The rest of the optience ("Optience" means a bunch of peoples that look at a show but do not listen) luffed until their gizzards wobbled also. Everybody being deaf, tho, the tumult made by rattling gizzards was not disturbing.

Well, the show was titled "The Old Maids' Club." The person who wrote the play, chose the cast and worked untiringly for weeks directing it was Mrs. Ben Beaver. Busy as a beaver. To Mrs. Beaver is full credit due and the honor that goes with it for the tremendous success of the day.

Well, when the curtain was rung up there was the old maids a-settin' in chairs in a senny circle—only they wasn't really old maids but a bunch of comely D. A. D. matrons and one charming "Miss" who wasn't old by any manner of means—a gossiping about the horrid man sex, but from the drift of their remarks the optience soon gathered that each and every one of these here particular dames was as hell bent on getting her man as a Royal N. W. Mounted Canadian Policeman. Mrs. Behrendt as President, presided over the meeting; Mrs. Ben Beaver was Secretary, and Mrs. Purviance, the Treasurer. The other old maids were Mrs. Lobsinger, Chairman of the Look-out Committee; Mrs. Gattson, Mrs. Russow, who forgot her pledge and was glad she was an old maid; Mrs. Pastore, songstress; Mrs. Ralph Beaver, Mrs. Halm, Miss Saukins and Miss Mann, other members of the cast were: Mrs. Homan, nurse; Mrs. Shuart, model; Mrs. Huegel, Topsy and clown; Mrs. Ponsford; and Mr. Arthur Hinch as Prof. Pinkerton. During the intermissions, little Miss Virginia Beaver entertained with beautiful dancing and was encored; and Mrs. La Tondress, with an amusing broomstick drill.

They were all dressed up in the most ridiculous costumes of the 80's—high collared shirtwaists, long sleeves with puffs, corsets and petticoats and so forth, (only we didn't see the so forths) and long skirts that reached to or below the ankles. Those long skirts looks so funny, mister editor, and we sighed a long heave for the elegant sights our cherished pappies and grandpappies must have missed in "them good ole days" they are so fond of bragging about. Why we ain't so old ourselves, but we can remember ourselves in our adolescence a-standing on the street corners with the gang and a-praying for a high wind. Sometimes our prayers were answered and the gals' skirts would blow half way up to their knees. And, my! Wasn't we wicked fellows trilled?

But we are wandering from the subject, mr. ed. To return: Each of the old maids was made up to look very vinegar-faced and acted very prim and precise. The play opened with the old maids in an animated discussion as to the best way of getting a man. Many absurd suggestions were made from the purchasing of breath tablets, hypnotizing perfumes and beauty parlors, to the putting of ads. in the matrimonial papers. One old maid, Nancy Halm, even suggested bribing the servant girls of eligible bachelors to put a certain love potion into the said bachelors' coffee, which would cause them to fall in love immediately after drinking. This proposal was quickly rejected as unfeasible, when the secretary pointed out that the bachelors would then be sure to fall in love with the servant girls. And so, dear ed. it went on: suggestion after suggestion was made, debated upon and finally dropped as impractical, after much acrimonious arguing that kept the optience in an uproar of latter all the time.

The Lookout Committee gave a funny report on all the prominent bachelors in Detroit. After passing up Crutcher, Difazio, Thorniley, McCarthy and Furman, as impossible to catch, all the old maids decided to center their efforts on Ed. Payne as the most desirable prize, and now Ed. is so afraid of the old maids he won't come to Detroit any more, but stays at home in Windsor.

About the time the prospects appeared hopeless for the old maids ever grabbing a husband, the secretary receives a letter from a famous professor that he had discovered a wonderful medical herb that, together with a certain apparatus he had invented, would restore youth to the aged, change the homely to the beautiful—in short, would change one into almost anything. For a cash consideration he offered to give a demonstration. Of course, all the old maids were unanimously in favor of the demonstrations. So the Prof.

Pinkerton arrives and proceeds with his demonstration. One old maid wishes to be changed into a beautiful nurse, another into a shapely model, another into a graceful dancer, and so on. The professor gives each a dose of his discovery, sends her in his apparatus, turns a crank a couple of times and out comes the old maid transformed into whatever she had wished to be. Occasionally though, the professor would make a mistake and change an old maid into a clown of a negro or other funny character, which brought big laughs. He even changed the treasurer into the great northern lights (Aurora Borealis) at her request. Mrs. Purviance, in the role of the secretary. To make absolutely sure of getting a man, she decided to be changed into a man herself. The professor gasped at the suggestion, he argued, but she was adamant. After much hard work on his part the change was effected and out of the apparatus walked a man—a MAN at last. All the old maids, now beautiful young maids, forgetting they weren't still old maids, made a rush for the man. The play ends with them all chasing the man and begging him to marry. The professor, in the confusion that ensues, being unable to attract any attention to himself (we forgot to say that the prof. was so homely that not even the old maids wanted him) sees the treasurer's money bag laying unguarded on the table, picks it up and makes a quick getaway. The curtain goes down amidst much hand-clapping. Up goes the curtain again and shows the entire cast in on grand ensemble. They are encored a number of times.

As I said before, mister editor, it was the funniest show by the deaf that I ever I seen. Mrs. Beaver was heartily congratulated on putting over the hit of the year, and deservedly so. Each and every actress played her part to perfection, but Mrs. Lobsinger and Mrs. Behrendt were particularly and uproariously funny, and you would a died a laffin at them if you had been here mr. ed. Ain't you sorry you wasn't here?

Well, mister editor, I must close now as I have to write a long letter to Santa Claus. I been a good little boy and think Santa should reward me. Don't you? I want a drum and a doll—a girl doll about twenty-eight old—and a horn and a fiddle and candy and oranges and nuts and roller skates and a quart of Bourbon and a quart of Scotch and quart of rye and a dozen eggs and a sled and a barrel of sherry and a juicesharp and the Volstead act repealed and a life time subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. That is all and no more.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and expecting to receive a real expensive present from you,

I am—indeed I am, A good little boy,

P. S. If you just must get my present at the ten cent store, please, for godness sake, don't patronize the five cent counters.

Don't smile unless you feel that way.

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**Manhattan Division, No. 87**  
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Abraham Barr, 1018 East 163d Street, New York City.

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**Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.**  
143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Samuel Frankenheim, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.  
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.  
Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant  
Every Sunday  
Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets, Room 15.  
Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf

**Harlem Silent Club of Colored Deaf**  
Apt. 44—2605 Eighth Ave., New York City  
The object of the club is to promote the social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.  
Club room open the year round. Regular meetings on the first Thursday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club.  
Clarence Baden, President; Howell Young, Secretary, 140 West 133d St., N. Y. City.

**Detroit Association of the Deaf**  
Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Sunday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

**St. Ann's Church for the Deaf**  
511 West 148th Street, New York City  
Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Curate  
Services every Sunday at 3 P.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

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**Cleric Literary Association**  
Founded September 22, 1865  
3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members.

Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms.  
Arthur Fowler, President; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer, P. O. Box 31, Merchantville, N. J.; Howard E. Arnold, Secretary, 63 East Montana Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.**  
Meets Third Sunday of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. A. A. Cohn, Secretary, 699 East 137th Street, Bronx. Religious services held every Friday evening, eighty-third, at Temple Emanuel-El, 1 East 65th Street, New York.

**PAS-A-PAS CLUB**  
ORGANIZED 1888  
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Room 901, 19 South Wells Street  
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Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Fraternity Club. Stated Meetings:—First Saturdays  
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**Columbus Club Auditorium**  
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**SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1930**

**ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR**

UNSURPASSED MUSIC

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I. R. T. Subways:—East Side Express Lines (Lex. Avenue) to Nevins Street Station. Transfer to 7th Avenue Lines on same platform.  
All 7th Avenue Express Lines to Grand Army Plaza (Prospect Park) Station. Walk towards park.  
B. M. T. Subways:—Brighton Locals only to Seventh Avenue Station. Walk towards Prospect Park.  
Surface Cars:—Vanderbilt Avenue and Union Street cars run past the Club. Flatbush Avenue cars to Prospect Park Main Entrance.

**COMMITTEE:—**Joseph L. Call, Chairman, 159 Meserole Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jacob Seitzer, Secretary, 501 West 169th St., N. Y. City; Roslino J. LaCurto, Jacob Clousner, Edward Kerwin, and the 300 Members of the Division.

**COME TO BUFFALO—SEE NIAGARA FALLS**

**National Association of the Deaf**  
16th Triennial Convention  
AND 4th World Congress of the Deaf  
(TO BE HELD IN AMERICA)

**BUFFALO, N. Y., August 4 to 9, 1930**  
Headquarters: HOTEL STATLER

Plan to take in this convention, which will celebrate the Golden Anniversary of the N. A. D. Come here to meet your friends and renew old friendships. Meet the delegates and visitors from foreign countries. Witness the dedication and unveiling of the \$10,000 Abbe de l'Epee Statue.

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Receipts to be devoted towards the entertainment of the delegates and visitors of the Boston 1931 Convention

**Saturday Evening, January 11, 1930**  
at  
**MASONIC TEMPLE**  
310 Lenox Avenue, near 125th Street  
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**Tickets, - - - 75 Cents**  
**A GOOD TIME FOR ALL—COME!**

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**Valentine Party and Dancing Contest**

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143 West 125th Street,  
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**Saturday Evening, February 15, 1930**  
Fun! Prizes!! Refreshments!!!

**Admission - - - 75 Cents**  
One half the proceeds goes to the De l'Epee Statue Fund of the National Association of the Deaf

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announces a  
**Tuesday Evening Gym Class**

to be held every Tuesday evening beginning on Tuesday evening, December 10, 1929, at 8:30 P.M.

at  
**PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 182**  
Dumont Avenue and Vermont Street,  
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**Fanwood A. A.**  
N. Y. Inst. for the Deaf  
Friday, Afternoon, May 30, 1930  
10th Annual Athletic Meet  
(Particulars later)

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

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D. M. U. L. "Silent Five" vs. Xavier "Silent Five"

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**MUSIC BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT BAND**

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**The 37th ANNUAL BENEFIT DANCE**

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to be held at  
**THE ROYAL BALL ROOM**  
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(NEAR HIGH STREET)

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at 7:30 o'clock

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**Admission, One Dollar**

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**ENTERTAINMENT**  
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**EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET MEMORIAL FUND**

**At St. Ann's Church**  
511 West 148th Street  
New York City.

**Saturday Evening, January 11th, 1930**

Auspices of the  
**METROPOLITAN CHAPTER**

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